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that has been long kept in them, which must inevitably prove destructive to the human constitution; for the well known effects of the poison of lead is bodily debility, palsy, death. And we entirely agree with the Dr. in recommending wooden dishes, when kept thoroughly clean, for holding butter.

G.

*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

ROSA....A MORAL TALE.

**I**N a mean looking house, in one of those unwholesome lanes which disgrace the city of London, among other hapless objects, driven by misfortune to take refuge in it, lived Mrs. St. Clair, and an only daughter. Sorrow, during her early years, she had felt in many shapes; and meagre poverty now formed the bitter climax of her sufferings.

The father of an only brother and herself, was educated for a church clergyman, but unfortunate in interest and recommendation, never attained a higher degree than that of curate, which he filled in an humble village. A brother of Mr. Davenant, who had resided some years in India, sent for his son, early in life; and promised he would for the future provide for him. This weight taken off the worthy curate, he devoted his time solely to the improvement of his daughter, and their humble board, though regulated by economy, never refused a welcome to the unfortunate or to the sincere friend.

Chance, or if our readers please, destiny so decreed, that the young Viscount Loughshiel, only heir to the title and estate of Roxborough, was, by the startling of his horses, thrown from his travelling carriage, within a few paces of the curate's door. Thither, he was conveyed, and the surgeon of the village sent for; who, after the necessary examination, declared his lordship had received no material injury, except a broken arm. Minute particulars are here unnecessary; suffice it to say, that accustomed during his recovery, to the constant society, and attentions of the lovely Rosa, his heart paid a willing tribute to her charms, nor could she long remain insensible of the elegant and polished

manners of his Lordship. Accustomed to pay the strictest attention to the duties of his profession, Mr. Davenant never thought it possible that his daughter would venture to raise her eyes to the heir of Roxborough, or that that heir could ever spend a thought on an humble curate's daughter, consequently he left them but too many opportunities of being alone, and in an ill-fated moment, soothed by the most solemn assurances of marriage, the hapless Rosa forgot what was due to her sex and character, nor dreamt of the misery which from that eventful moment attended her. The young lord, now perfectly recovered, had no longer a plea to remain at the cottage, and with innumerable vows of speedy return and unshaken fidelity, reluctantly tore himself from his weeping Rosa, fully convinced that his love could never swerve from its object. But Lord Loughshiel was no more than man. He was a young, and consequently an unsteady one. That he then thought his love would prove as lasting as it was fervent, we will do him the justice to believe true; but no sooner had he beheld the beautiful and admired heiress, Lady Ismena Somerville, just burst upon the gazing world in all the charms of wealth and loveliness, than Rosa, and her more unassuming accomplishments, vanished from memory, or was only recalled to congratulate himself that his infatuated passion had carried him no further than unwitnessed promises.

Oh, man! unfeeling man! licensed in villainy, encouraged in vice! Where are your boasted prerogatives of superiority? Do they consist in trampling on the weak? in oppressing the oppressed? in seducing the unhappy female from the paths of peace and virtue? in glorying in your own wickedness and her shame? In this world, though your lawless passions triumph unchecked, think you not there is a greater, a more awful tribunal, where the burning tears of your victim, the wild desperation of the mother, and the weak cry of the not unfrequently murdered infant, will sound dreadful in your ears, and pronounce your condemnation in terms, bitter and decided as your guilt?

While Lord Loughshiel basked in the smiles of the beautiful Ismena, the unhappy victim of his passion lived but in the expectation of his return. But weeks and months of anxiety rapidly passed over, and to add to the horrors of her situation, she felt she had every prospect of becoming a disgraced and anguished mother. This state of suspense was soon put an end to by a horrible certainty. A weekly paper chanced to fall into her hands, and the following paragraph at once arrested her attention. "Married, on Tuesday evening last, the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Loughshiel, only son and heir to the illustrious house of Roxborough, to the beautiful, and much admired Lady Ismena Sommerville." The unhappy Rosa, read not the account of bridal festivities, which followed. A burning meteor seemed to shoot across her brain, and with an agonised shriek, she sunk at the feet of her father. It now became impossible longer to conceal her situation; the good old curate heard it with a pang, similar to the cold dart of death. He viewed the wreck of all his hopes in bitter agony; but his was not a spirit of wrath; it bowed before the hand which afflicted him, and meekly endeavoured to administer that consolation, he himself felt he could but too feebly experience.

"Oh Rosa!" he said, "the stroke falls heavy! but I am chiefly to blame, who left you my child, young, innocent, and inexperienced, to the society and converse of a villain!" Rosa heard him in a state of misery, which hapless woman alone is fated to endure. "We must leave this, Rosa," said the curate; after a short pause. "I will resign my curacy, I could not bear to see the slow-moving finger of scorn point at thee." "At thee," he continued, turning aside to conceal the tears which streamed down his venerable cheeks; "who hast been my pride; whom I have held up as a pattern!" his voice grew inaudible.

"Oh! reproach me my father in mercy, as I deserve," said his wretched daughter; "but talk not so feelingly, so leniently of my crime. Ah! still retain your situation, ever hallowed, ever undisturbed; and let the guilty

wretch who has brought thy grey hairs to shame and sorrow, wander to some lonely spot, where, unknown, and unregarded, her life and miseries may terminate together." "And what to me, my Rosa, hadst thou left me, would make life valuable?" said the good old man, as he strained an eye of agony on her altered form. "No! no! we will not separate! we will bear the shafts of misfortune together, God will provide for us; I am not yet too old to work!"

As no time was to be lost in their removal, Mr. Davenant hastened to resign his curacy, to the Rector, who resided about six miles distant, and whose age almost incapacitated him from officiating. In a few hasty and agitated words, Mr. Davenant informed him that peculiar circumstances would prevent him from continuing longer in the fulfilment of his office. But the Rector was truly a man of God; and in Mr. Davenant's pallid countenance, his quick tremulous tones, and eye of sadness, he read a dark tale of misery; and so soothing, so heart-consoling was the voice in which he addressed him, so tender, yet so delicate, his inquiries into his situation, that the poor curate, in the fulness of his heart, if he did not altogether betray his secret, left sufficient room for his patron to guess at the reality of it.

"Have you any prospect when you leave this?" said the Rector, after a short pause. Mr. Davenant with a deep sigh answered in the negative. Again the Rector paused; "I have formed a scheme," he at length continued, "which I think will tend to our mutual advantage. A friend of mine wrote to me some time ago, to recommend a gentleman, calculated to fill the office of Curate. I did so and in a few days he was to proceed to his place. He is a young man, and all situations I should suppose are to him alike; therefore as I am doomed to lose you, my worthy friend, what think you of a fair exchange? Suppose I retain the young man, and send you to officiate in his place. A few days will prepare my friend to receive you; He lives within a few miles of London, where you, I believe, are perfectly unknown, and

as you wish to be at a distance from this, I think it will in every respect answer you." Mr. Davenant's gratitude may be better conceived than described. He wrung his benefactor's hand in expressive silence, and with a heart filled with pious thankfulness to God, and him, hastened to cheer the heart of his Rosa, with an account of his goodness. Every preparation was now made for a speedy removal; and the evening before they were to depart, Rosa, in the twilight hour, had stolen out to take a last leave of the scenes of her infancy; the Curate was lost in meditation, when a servant whose lively proclaimed him Lord Loughshiel's, delivered a letter to the maid who opened the door; "for Miss Davenant, said he." The curate hastily snatched it, and with mingled feelings of contempt and indignation read the following;

*"My lovely Rosa!*

I suppose long ere this, you have heard of my damned queer kind of a male up marriage; and are accusing me of falsehood, baseness, &c. but I love you ten thousand times better than I did before it took place; it was all of my father's contriving; all his plan; therefore, my beautiful Rosa, the moment you receive this, my fellow will get you a carriage, and dash up to town directly; where you shall shine in jewels, like a Sultana! ride in a phaeton, handsomer than she, whom I call wife, and be ever dearer to the heart of *Loughshiel*."

"Go tell the man who waits," said Mr. Davenant, calmly to the maid-servant, who stood while he read this fashionable scroll, "that an answer shall be sent to the public house of the village an hour hence;" the man retired grinning, and fearful of Rosa's entrance, Mr. Davenant hastened to his study, and thus addressed his Lordship.

*"My Lord!*

"Your favour of the 12th inst. duly reached—not the victim it was meant to crush with the stroke of death, but her hapless, wretched father: start not my Lord! your Lordship is superior to the stings of conscience. Your rank, your consequence, gives you a never failing passport to disseminate vice and misery successfully: and

the sorrows of a poor old man, or the heart broken sigh of the lost victim of your licentious arts, excites but the brutal laugh of intoxication, at the debauchee's rout, or the midnight revel! Oh ye libertines! for what do you live? I am an old man and a father; an agonized father! I have therefore a license to be garrulous: I have seen a beauteous innocent bud and blossom in retirement; I have seen her the adored of her father, the idolized of her mother, the admiration of the young, and the boasted pattern of the aged; the comfort of the poor, and the delight of all around her. I have seen this virtuous female, snatched from her pure, and peaceful home; I have seen her, lured by the voice of a specious villain, fluttering a gay meteor, in the paths of licentious dissipation; I have heard her madly scoff the maxims she had been hitherto taught to cherish; I have heard her frantically deny the existence of a God, or of a future state! but I have also heard the sigh of her heart broken spirit; I have noticed the wild throbbings of her bosom! her mad laugh of despair! and while the sallies of her fevered mirth echoed round the circle of bacchanalians, who attended her, I have groaned in the agony of my spirit. "*Oh! man! boasted man! this is thy work! and for this is it that libertines live!*" I have then traced this poor victim, till deserted by her base seducer, she is consigned to another, and another; till she descend to the last stage of female infamy! I have marked her diseased frame, her pallid cheek, her trembling form, her frenzied eye, eager in pursuit of the only cordial which can now give oblivion to her wretchedness. I have heard that voice, which in the social winter's evening, in her father's house, has given added swiftness to the passing hours of innocence, I have heard it—Oh! merciful heaven! fraught with fearful oaths, and frantic imprecations! I have followed her to her wretched garret, and have seen her abandoned, despised, and miserable, expire in the most pitiable agonies, a loathsome object of disease! I have followed her to the humble grave, allotted her by charity! I have dropped a tear to the hapless victim; and have groaned

forth—*Oh! man! boasted man! this is thy work! and for this is it, that libertines live!*" And now, does your Lordship understand the lesson? Just such, the fate you design for my Rosa, just such, the misery you would consign her to endure. Oh blush! my Lord, blush! and pause in the midst of your career, you have already the satisfaction of reflecting, that, you are not far behind your compeers in iniquity; you have ruined the fair hopes of a young and innocent woman! You have taken a villainous advantage of an unsuspecting old man; you have tinged his grey locks with the bitterest shade of sorrow; for it springs from shame! you oblige him to fly the home of twenty years, to seek a shelter from disgrace and sorrow; and for this is it, that libertines live! Take this letter to your closet, my Lord; read it with attention, and in mercy to yourself, and others, quit your broad, but dangerous way: my happiness, or my hapless Rosa's, you cannot restore. From you we crave no boon, but a liberty of indulging the sorrows you have occasioned, undisturbed by further insult. Beware, my Lord, how you further pursue it, for though my arm is old and feeble, I have a boy, who yet may return to his native country, to revenge the dishonour of my poor girl. Your Lordship need not trouble yourself to send any more letters as they will remain unanswered.

*Charles Davenant."*

Such was the letter sent by Mr. Davenant to Lord Loughshiel; and anxious to preserve Rosa from the knowledge, that she had been further insulted, he hastened to assist in preparations for their departure. A very short space saw them settled in their new habitation, where Rosa assumed the name of Mrs. St. Clair, and passed for the widow of an officer who had been killed abroad, and here it was our heroine was born, whom we shall also call Rosa. It would be equally tedious and unnecessary to dwell on the period of her infancy, to say how much superior she was in smartness to other children of the same age, or how often the fond grand-father forgot in the little prattler's endearments, the error which

had occasioned her birth. We will only say that by the curate's and her mother's care, she became as she grew up, a most excellent English scholar; that she was rather handsome than otherwise, and that her figure was tall and elegant, as a heroine's should be. In this interval of quietness many letters had arrived from Rosa's uncle, in India. • The last reached them a few days before she had completed her sixteenth year. It stated that he every day became more and more a favourite with the elder Mr. Davenant, who had declared his intention of making him sole heir to the immense property he possessed. That he was now almost in a state of second childhood, and had given over all intention of visiting his native country, and that he (the younger Davenant) only waited for his decease to return to England where, in the bosom of his family, rested all his hopes and wishes. He regretted his inability to remit any money to his father, as so far from allowing him a profusion of pocket-money, the nearer his uncle approached to death, the more parsimonious he became.

The contents of this letter gave sincere pleasure to Mr. Davenant. The good old man was far gone in years, and had been long declining; and his only prospect now in life, consisted in the wish of placing Mrs. St. Clair and Rosa under his son's protection. The younger Mr. Davenant, equally with Rosa, was unacquainted with his sister's peculiar misfortunes. He thought her merely the widow of an officer, as represented. To explain these circumstances, and obtain for his young Rosa a guardian, was the curate's desire. But, alas! it was not a task permitted to him. The tyrant death claimed his own, and a few days after the receipt of his son's letter, the good old man, without feeling an particular pain, quietly sunk into his arms. Rosa's sorrow was unbounded, Mrs. St. Clair also wept her father, with heartfelt anguish. But this, she felt, was not a season for supineness. They had now, with but very slender means to seek a new home, as it was natural to suppose, an incumbent would be immediately provided to fill the curacy. Inexperienced in

the world, and friendless, they had few resources for exertion. The trifling annuity of Mr. Davenant had hitherto with the most rigid economy supported them, and little remained to dispose of but the furniture of the cottage.

The prospect was truly dreary, but hope still visited them, in the form of Edward Davenant, and they looked forward to his arrival, as the termination of misfortune. In the interim, however, it was necessary to strike out some plan of subsistence; as it would be at least far advanced in the ensuing season, ere Edward could arrive. Many schemes were started, and disapproved of. At length Mrs. St. Clair determined to take cheap lodgings in London, where she could not fail of hearing of East India arrivals, and to endeavour for a support, by taking in work from the milliners, for herself and Rosa. The furniture was disposed of by auction, for the paltry pittance of forty pounds; and a hackney chaise being procured from a neighbouring town, our dejected travellers, with this, their little all, took leave of the peaceful village, and unfriended and unknown, entered the vast and busy metropolis. Though highly amused by the constant succession of different faces, Rosa was almost stunned, by the confusion and noise. At the inn where they were obliged to sleep, Mrs. St. Clair inquired if they could recommend her to any decent reputable lodging? Some of the saucy domestics stared with impertinent curiosity, others laughed, while a third, pertly sneering, repeated the word reputable! The landlady, however, mentioned several, which she said *Will*, their *shay-boy* *knowed* very well, and would drive them to in the morning. Accordingly, after but an indifferent night's rest, having settled their bill at the inn, a hackney coach again dragged them and their baggage through the bustling streets of the city, without obtaining what they wanted. Some were quite too high in their terms, for the state of Mrs. St. Clair's finances; others refused to take them without a proper recommendation, and others again appeared by their contemptuous looks, by no means ambitious of receiving hackney-coach lodgers.

Almost despairing, Mrs. St. Clair was on the point of desiring the man to return to the inn, when a paper put up at the window of a neat looking house, with "lodging to let," attracted her attention. She desired the driver to stop, and a woman appeared, who, though by no means very prepossessing, yet answered them civilly. She said, "she had two very good rooms to let, and that they were three-half-guineas a week." These terms were more reasonable than any Mrs. St. Clair had yet met with; yet, still she knew they were too expensive for her means, but as she saw no prospect of bettering herself at present, she, on viewing the rooms, and finding them tolerable, agreed with the woman at her own price, and her baggage being conveyed in, dismissed the chaise, when completely fatigued, her and Rosa took possession of their apartments. After having partaken of some refreshment they had ordered, Mrs. St. Clair sat down to calculate the amount of their two days expenses, and pulling out her purse, found that her bill at the inn had no little diminished its contents, and every moment convinced them of the necessity of gaining employment. Rosa rung the bell, and the woman appearing, Mrs. St. Clair, in tremulous accents, inquired if she knew of any place where fancy or plain work, which she would ensure to be well and quickly performed, could be procured? Mrs. Woodly looked at once surprised and displeased and sulkily muttered, "if they had no other dependance than that, she was afraid her lodgings would not answer them!"

"When we are unable to discharge our lodgings," returned Mrs. St. Clair, with a look of dignity which sunk her into insignificance, "it will be time sufficient for you to animadvert on a subject, which till then cannot concern you!" We cannot take upon us to say, whether the manner Mrs. St. Clair answered, had any effect, or whether her purse, which she had laid on the table, with a view of the guineas shining through the silk netting, had softened her landlady's temper, but she hastily replied,

"To be sure Ma'am, 'tis none of my business, every one has a right to do as they please, and to be *sartin*,

if Miss and you *chuses* to amuse yourselves, why should'nt you? and as you were *axing*, if I *knowed* of any such thing as work to be got, why I don't think but I can put you in the way of it, for d'y'e see, Ma'am, I have a niece, the child of my poor dead brother, whom I was as fond of, as if she was my own a hundred times, and after I gave her good *larnings*, I was advised to put her *prentice* to a milliner, where she still is. They have more work often than they can do, and *is* almost constantly obliged to give out; and——"

Here Mrs. St. Clair, though surprised by the alteration in the woman's manner, hastily interrupted her, by desiring her to send for the girl early in the morning. To this Mrs. Woodly, now all complaisance, gave an immediate acquiescence; but they found themselves, on her arrival, under the disagreeable necessity of waiting on her mistress, who after some time, pleased by their appearance, agreed to give them constant work, provided they came for it, and brought it home. This was the most unpleasant part of the business, but they had no alternative.

Day after day now passed on in unvarying sameness. Morning and evening beheld them employed in the closest industry. But, alas! though they imagined they had learned the science of economy in the country, they had not studied how much more they required of it in London, and every month diminished (independent of their earnings) their little stock, yet barely procured them the necessaries of life. Despair sunk deep into the heart of Mrs. St. Clair, and undermined her health. Rosa too, unaccustomed to a sedentary life, drooped, and as the anguished mother often gazed on her, and felt by her own inward sufferings, she would not long be spared as her guide, she fervently prayed that the Almighty would take her also, rather than she should remain exposed to the evils which might assail her! Alas! hapless Rosa, not so blest was thy fate! Every week now added to the dreariness of their prospect. Mrs. St. Clair grew daily worse, and was now utterly unable to work. In vain Rosa toiled, and endeavoured to conceal the worst from her mother. The

small sum they brought with them, was exhausted, and her industry alone was insufficient to afford the latter those comforts her situation required. They had fortunately paid Mrs. Woodly, who beheld them with a strict eye, in advance. But term-time was now approaching, and it would be madness in their present situation, to retain such expensive lodgings. Rosa therefore, by her mother's desire, spoke to a young girl who had attended them since their arrival, and who, grateful for the instructions in many little points, her young mistress had afforded her, she thought would exert herself to obtain cheaper accommodations for them.

"Get them my dear Lucy," said Rosa, with a deep sigh, "as reasonable as possible; if you can but obtain a shelter, and a dry room for my mother, it is all will be required."

Lucy burst into tears. "Ah! ma'am, if I thought"—"If you thought what?" interrupted Rosa, hastily. "Why, if I thought you could put up with such accommodations, my mother has a room....but then it is so poor, and humble; so unfit for such as you; and it is in such a dark dirty lane."

"My good girl!" again interposed Rosa, "it is not slight inconveniences must deter us from removing hence. Our circumstances will not admit a longer stay. Were it not for my poor mother" she added, snatching a glance of agony at the pallid countenance of Mrs. St. Clair, as she slept, "I would not much regret our removal; as your mistress often looks so fiercely on me, that I find it impossible to preserve myself from terror."

"Ah ma'am! she is a hard-hearted wretch," returned Lucy, "I am sure few blessings sweeten her morsel."

"Perhaps we mistake her character," replied Rosa; "but there is no time now to be lost: hasten therefore, to arrange matters with your mother, if she will receive us."

Lucy disappeared; and on her return, it was settled, that they should immediately remove to her mother's, who was to allow them the only unoccupied room in the house, for 8s. 8d. per week. Mrs. Woodly received their warning with a smile of malignant triumph, and muttered, as she

turned away, "that it was well people, though they were so haughty, could not always ride their high horse." The weakness of Mrs. St. Clair was now so excessive, that Rosa was doubtful, if she could even bear the motion of a carriage; she therefore ordered a sedan chair, and leaning on Lucy's arm, who carried their small wardrobe in a bundle, sick at heart, she tottered after on foot. With ill health, Mrs. St. Clair naturally became splenetic and delicate in her appetite. Devoured by an ever varying sickness, she forgot in her sufferings, the necessity of frugality, and thought she should have every comfort her situation required. When carried up a pair of dark winding stairs, into the room allotted them, she looked around her with a shudder of discontent; while Rosa, totally overcome with fatigue and misery, sunk upon a chair, and burst into tears. She was herself by no means the healthy girl she had been when she came to London. Constant sitting and bad air had made a considerable alteration for the worse; and as she gazed on the feeble form of her mother, and the miserable accommodations she was obliged to put up with, she almost wished to close her eyes for ever, on a prospect which presented nothing but despair and misery.

Lucy had said the room was mean and humble. It was in fact little less than a garret, situated in a lane so confined, that from the windows you might with ease converse with those on the opposite side. From a contemplation of these evils, she was roused, by Lucy reminding her that the chairmen were to pay, and when she had discharged this necessary debt, Rosa, with a heart-broken sigh, found her remaining property consisted of only two solitary guineas. She had, however, the day before she left Mrs. Woody's, obtained a quantity of shirts to make for her employer; she strove to exert herself, and hoped for the best. Lucy now introduced her mother, a decent looking old woman, though the picture of meagre poverty. She addressed them in her own country dialect (broad Scotch) and assured the bonie ladies, "they might be sure she'd doo a'

things to mak them comfortable!" and Lucy, wishing them a tearful good-night; returned to her mistress.

Eight or ten days now passed, on Mrs. St. Clair's part, in sufferings, which seemed to impair every faculty, on Rosa's, in the closest industry, and attention to her mother. Her small purse was almost wholly exhausted in the purchase of little delicacies for the poor invalid, which perhaps, when obtained, her sickly appetite refused; and Rosa, with agony, saw her last half-crown expended on a jelly, which after a few mouthfuls she could not taste. The shirts were, however, nearly completed, and Rosa determined to work all night, that she might convey them home the next day. Mrs. St. Clair, on the following morning was restless and peevish, and expressed a strong desire for some chicken soupe. Rosa heard her with unutterable anguish, for she had not the means of procuring it, and it was the first wish she had yet been obliged to deny her.

With a heart bursting with conflicting emotions, she endeavoured to soothe her with a promise that she should obtain it at night. But the invalid still continued fretful, until the after part of the day, when she sunk into a disturbed but heavy sleep. Rosa's work was completed, and the present, the only moment she could snatch to take it home. She had often been at the milliner's, but Lucy generally accompanied her, and they went in the early part of the day; now it was advanced in the evening and she was alone. She had almost determined to give up her intention till the morning, when a deep groan from her mother seemed to reproach her with selfishness; and snatching Mrs. St. Clair's feeble hand to her lips, she wrapped herself in a long cloak to conceal as much as possible her figure, and with her bundle in her hand, tottered towards the room door, but again she turned to weep and gaze upon her mother! She imagined her countenance looked unusually ghastly. Her spirits felt heavily depressed, and she almost thought that look would be the last she would ever give. On descending the stairs she met Janet



at the foot, bustling to know "how the guid Madam fan hersel?" and terrified at the idea of entering the streets alone, she asked the good creature to accompany her.

"Troth that I wull, an welcome," returned Janet, "though the guid God kens, I wad e'en be o' sma' service, gin onie ane sud meddle to hairm ye!"

*To be continued in our next.*

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

IN the course of my reading, I lately met with the following maxims, extracted from a late French publication, entitled *Maxims and Reflections* on different subjects, both moral and political, by M. de L\*\*\*. They appear to be founded on an enlightened experience.

A READER.

MAXIMS.

1. Treat Fortune as you would do a bad soil: do not disdain the harvest, however small it may prove.

2. The events foreseen by intelligent minds generally occur: but fortune always reserves two secrets, the epoch and the means.

3. Attracted by novelty, but still the slave of habit, man spends his life in desiring change, and at the same time he is continually sighing after repose.

4. *Ennui* is a malady for which labour is the remedy: pleasure is merely a palliative.

5. Baseness always endeavours to degrade that, which on the part of men is the most noble to confer, and the most pleasant to receive....well-merited praise.

6. Your greatest enemy is not always he to whom you may have done an ill office, for he may be generous: but if you have been offended by a coward, be assured that he will ever attempt your destruction, for he is afraid of your resentment, and fear never pardons.

7. Virtue is the triumph of generosity over interest.

8. Honour is the offspring of courage and of vanity.

9. Listen to counsel and brave criticism.

10. The great difficulty in education consists in keeping children under due submission, without at the same time degrading their characters.

11. The spirit of domination is first disclosed in early infancy, it diminishes during youth, and never returns during old age, but along with its other weaknesses.

12. The self love of fools is an excuse, but not a justification for that of men of sense.

13. When by any accident, flattery does not succeed, it is not its fault, but that of the flatterer.

14. The pride of men of birth would be the most foolish and insupportable species of vanity, were it not for the pride of upstarts.

15. My good friends, are you sure that ten years hence you will be able to recollect the names of all your present friends?

16. Fear and hope divide life; pleasure and sorrow occupy but a few moments of it.

17. What inconsistency! men are conducted even to death through fear.

*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

SIR,

READING the travels of Mr. Townsend, in Spain, the other day, the following passage struck me as forcibly applying to, and as clearly throwing light on the affairs of this country, as well as containing valuable hints on education, that I have copied it out, and send it for insertion to your very useful publication. I leave your readers to make their own comment, and I request them not to do so, without previous and dispassionate reflection. I am your humble servant,

EUMENES.

"When I directed my course towards Salamanca, it was with a view of paying a visit by appointment to the Marquis of Oviedo; but unfortunately for me, when I arrived, I found he was detained by illness at Madrid; this disappointment was the more vexatious because I had no letters, nor any prospect of being introduced. I ventured however to present myself to Doctor Curtis, President of the Irish College, who received me with politeness, took me under his protection, and during my ten days abode at Salamanca considered me as part of his family (the situation is then described, and Mr. T. goes on) The church is in common to both